

SONGS,
DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.
IN THE
SURRENDER OF CALAIS,
A PLAY,
IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
HAY - MARKET,
ON SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1791.

FOURTH EDITION.

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FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1792.

NO. 10

DOUGLASS, CHURCH, & CO.

IN THE

SUPREMACY OF CALAIS,

ALABAMA,

IN THE STATE OF

THE COUNTY OF

THE CITY OF

THE TOWN OF

THE PARISH OF

THE DISTRICT OF

THE TERRITORY OF

THE

THE

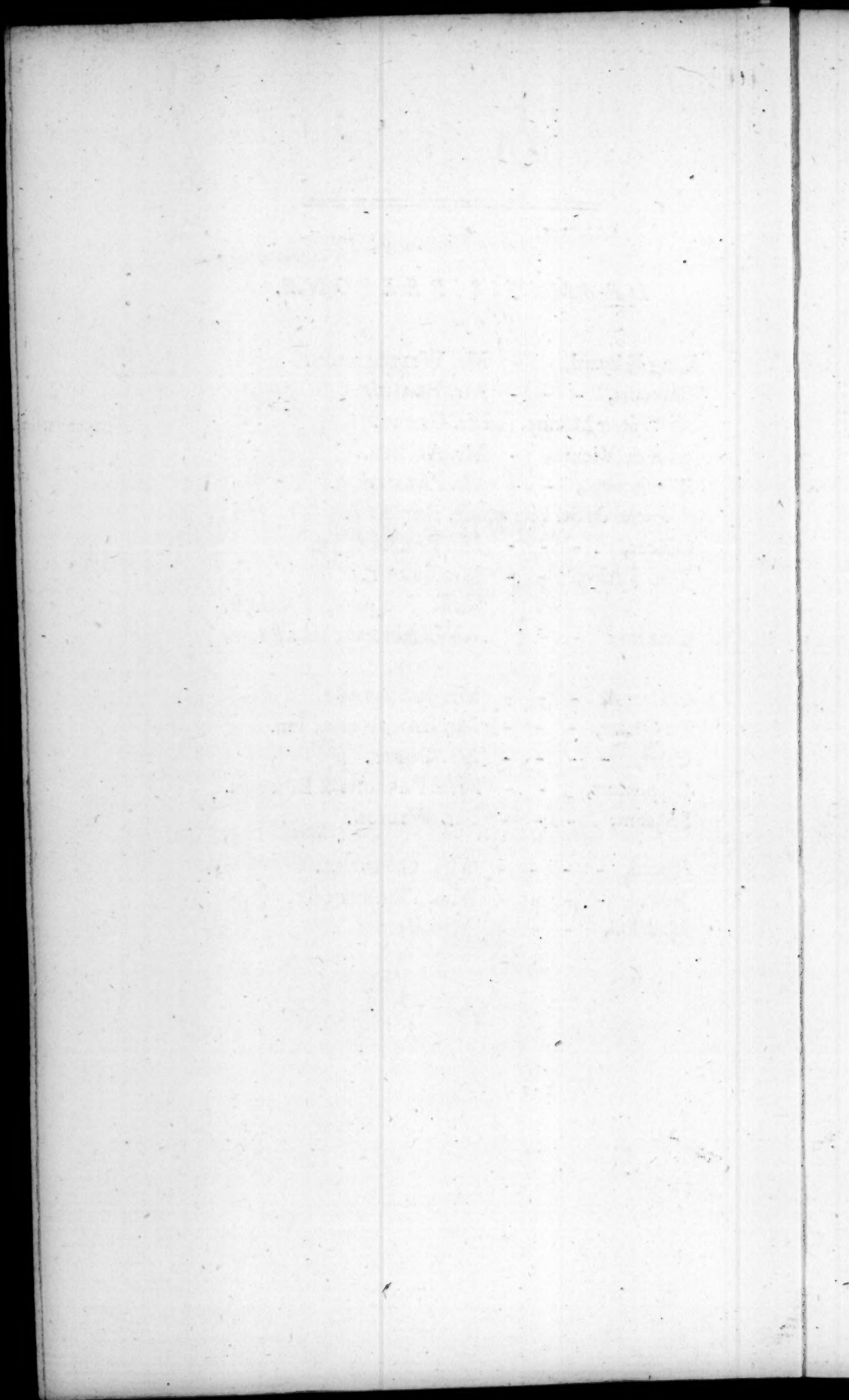
THE

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward, - - Mr. WILLIAMSON.
Harcourt, - - - Mr. BLAND.
Sir Walter Manny, Mr. USHER.
John de Vienne, - Mr. AICKIN.
Ribeauumont, - - Mr. PALMER.
Eustache de St. Pierre, Mr. BENSLEY.
Officer, - - - Mr. PALMER, jun.
John d'Aire, - - Mr. EVATT.
Citizens, - - { Mess. JOHNSON, FARLEY,
 WEWITZER, BARRETT,
 ABBOT.
O'Carrol, - - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.
La Gloire, - - - Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Crier, - - - Mr. CUBIT.
Carpenters, - - Mess. PARSONS & BURTON.
Serjeant, - - - Mr. WILSON.

Queen, - - - Mrs. GOODALL.
Julia, - - - Mrs. WHITLOCKE.
Madelon, - - - Mrs. BLAND.



SONGS, &c.

IN THE

SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

AIR I.—*Serjeant.*

MY comrades, so famish'd and queer,
Hear the drums how they jollily beat;
They fill our French hearts with good cheer,
Altho' we have nothing to eat!

Rub-a-dub!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Nothing to eat—rub-a-dub!
Rub-a-dub—we have nothing to eat.

II. Then

II.

Then, hark to the merry-ton'd fife—
To hear it, 'twill make a man younger;
I tell you, my lads, this is life,
For any one dying with hunger!

Toot-a-too!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Dying with hunger—toot-a-too!
Toot-a-too—we are dying with hunger!

III.

The foe to inspire you to bear,
Only list to the trumpet so shrill!
Till the enemy's kill'd, we can't eat;
Do the job—you may eat all you kill!

Ran-ta-ran!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

We'll eat all we kill—ran-ta-ran!
Ran-ta-ran—we may eat all we kill!

AIR

AIR II.—O'Carrol.

OH! the moment was sad, when my love
and I parted!

Savourna deligh shigan ogh!

As I kifs'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-
hearted!

Savourna, &c.

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my
shoulder;

Damp was her hand—no marble was colder!

I felt that I never again should behold her.

Savourna, &c.

II.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from
my true-love;

Savourna, &c.

All my pay, and my booty, I hoarded for
you, love;—

Savourna, &c.

Peace was proclaim'd; escap'd from the
slaughter,

Landed at home—my sweet girl I fought her—

But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had
brought her!

Savourna, &c.

AIR

AIR III.—CHORUS.

WAR has still its melody !—
 When blows come thick, and arrows fly ;
 When the foldier marches o'er
 The crimson field, knee-deep in gore ;
 By carnage and grim death surrounded,
 And groans of dying men confounded !—
 If the warlike drum he hears,
 And the shrill trumpet strikes his ears,
 Rous'd by the spirit-stirring tones,
 Music's influence he owns ;
 His lusty heart beats quick and high—
 War has still its melody !

II.

But when the hard-fought day is done,
 And the battle's fairly won,
 Oh ! then he trolls the jolly note,
 In triumph, through his rusty throat :
 And all the story of the strife
 He carols to the merry fife ;
 His comrades join, their feats to tell ;
 The chorus then begins to swell :
 Loud martial music rends the sky !—
 This is the foldier's melody !

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

AIR IV.—DUET

La Gloire and Madelon.

MADOLON.

COU'D you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining ?
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you were gone campaigning :—
Ah ! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Could never quit her rover !
Ah ! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over !

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II. LA

II.

LA GLOIRE.

And can you to the battle go,
To woman's fear a stranger?

MADOLON.

No fear my breast will ever know,
But when my love's in danger.

Ah! non, non, non,

Pauvre Madelon

Fears only for her rover!

Ah! non, non, non,

Pauvre Madelon

Will go with you all the world over!

III.

BOTH.

Then let the world jog as it will,

Let hollow friends forsake us;

We both shall be as happy still

As war and love can make us.

Ah! non, non, non,

Pauvre Madelon

Shall never quit her rover!

Ah! non, non, non,

Pauvre Madelon

Shall go with { ^{y^e} _{me} } all the world over!

AIR

AIR V.—Madelon.

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
 While at home she tarries,
 What must be the lass's life
 Who a soldier marries:—
 Now with weary marching spent,
 Dancing now before the tent—
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 With her jolly soldier.

II.

In the camp at night she lies,
 Wind and weather scorning;
 Only griev'd her love must rise,
 And quit her in the morning;
 But the doubtful skirmish done,
 Blithe she sings at set of sun,
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 With her jolly soldier.

III.

Should the Captain of her dear
 Use his vain endeavour,
 (Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear)
 Two fond hearts to sever;
 At his passion she will scoff,
 Laughing thus, she'll put him off—
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 For her jolly soldier.

AIR VI.—Madelon.

I TREMBLE to think that my soldier's so bold,
 To see with what danger he gets all his gold ;
 But danger all over, 'twill keep out the cold,
 And we shall be warm when we're marry'd !

II.

For riches, 'tis true that I covet them not,
 Unless 'tis to better my dear soldier's lot ;
 And he shall be master of all I have got
 The very first moment we're marry'd !

III.

My heart, how it beats ! but to look to the day,
 In church, when my father shall give me
 away ;
 But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many
 say,
 A day or two after we're marry'd !

AIR

AIR VII.—CHORUS.

SOUND, sound, in solemn strains and slow,
Dully beat the muffled drum;
Bid the hollow trumpet blow,
In deaden'd tones, clear, firm, and low;
For, see! the patriot Heroes come!

GLEE.

Peace to their noble souls! their bodies die,
Their fame shall flourish long in memory!
Recorded still in future years,
Green in a Nation's gratitude and tears!

CHORUS.

Peace to the Heroes, peace! who yield their
blood!
And perish, nobly, for their Country's good!

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

AIR VIII.—O'Carrol.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry
and frisky,
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold
whiskey ;
My uncle was rich, but would never be
easy,
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
Och ! rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, Corporal
Casey !
My dear little Sheelah, I thought wou'd run
crazy,
When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal
Casey !

II.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was
 thinking
 On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was
 sinking;
 But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a
 daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey!
 Och! rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, Corporal
 Casey!
 The devil go with him! I ne'er cou'd be
 lazy!
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal
 Casey!

III.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly,
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me
 rarely!
 And who shou'd the first be that dropp'd?—
 why, an't please ye,
 It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey!
 Och! rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, corporal
 Casey!
 Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy!
 So eight years I fought without Corporal
 Casey!

AIR

φ. J. T.
Magg
1948

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AIR IX.—CHORUS.

**REAR, rear our English banner high,
In token proud of victory !
Where'er our god of battle strides,
Loud sound the trump of fame !—
Where'er the English warrior rides,
May laurel'd Conquest grace his name !**

THE END.
